

back burner by tangerinesilly

Series: [exposure therapy](#) [4]

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Summary:

Billy probably gets a kick out of this. Has a thing for whiny boys. You don't just become a bully if you don't enjoy making boys cry.

back burner

Author's Note:

whoops this is probably not what you expected. It just kinda jumped out??

Anyway, happy pride month!! It's a lifelong journey to stay true to yourself. Hope you are feeling very special and proud :)

Can they get more obvious?

Steve set in the last row, hunched over the seat in front of him, munching on popcorn, people-watching, waiting for the movie to start.

He scanned the room, not even a quarter full. Not many weirdoes trying to catch a flick at 4 p.m. on a Thursday. Just him, some elderlies, a few children that snuck in. And *them*.

A couple set a few rows ahead. Cuddled up. Probably married... but not to each other. Just going at it even before the lights dimmed.

Steve had a sixth sense for infidelity. Which in the light of current events has gotten better.

Besides, it's not that hard to tell when you're an onlooker. It's never subtle. Cheaters keep odd hours. Love the dark. Stuff their pockets with secrets and used panties. They hang onto each other desperately, a pause between dos and don'ts.

Cheating is thunder and lighting, a car crash, a panic button, a cramp. Yet, whoever's getting horned never notices. Or acknowledges.

Makes Steve think of his dad coming home with a blotchy red neck peeking from the crisp white collar. That late 'business meetings' sure never failed to make him very happy. He'd usually step around the house extra loud because he is 'an honest man with nothing to hide'. Sure, whatever you say.

The shirt would be left out, a pretense to transparency. A white flag to find.

His mom would scan it with a careful eye, almost interrogating it with only a look. Never touching it, because that be admitting to things. Means that she cared.

And she clearly didn't. She figured her reasons for staying a long time ago. And as long as John Harrington wasn't getting sloppy she was willing to let it slide.

Sometimes she had this little melancholic smile, murmuring 'he's not yours'. The battle has been long won. John Harrington just didn't know how to lose right.

She'd give the white lump a final dirty look, before retreating to her room, locking it behind her.

How is his dad still alive? He always thought she might snap someday. Steve would be going up the stairs and see his dad's derbies sticking out in the hallway.

And then his mom would call for Steve to help her drag the body into the bathroom.

Maybe his dad is dead. And the one Steve got at the house is just a paid actor. Like when a hamster dies and your parents buy a lookalike so you won't get upset.

Truly, that's a better story than whatever's going on right now. This movie sucks. He should've just been honest with himself and went with a drama. Or like a war film. He is in the mood to cry and got stuck with Hitchcock.

The couple was showing their best effort to munch each other's faces off. It looked almost grotesque in the flashing lights, two weird alien worms slithering against each other.

Stupid. So stupid.

He could smell the divorce in the air. They must like each other a lot for it to be worth it. They probably think it's going to be different.

Give love a second chance.

Steve shamelessly studied them, chewing on a kernel. He just saw some tongue going in.

Ew. He is never going to get married. Ever-ever.

Fine. Steve might be a bit jealous. He wants a kiss. Like a hot deep kiss would be good. Unfortunately, you can't get that at the snack bar. Unless Steve was planning to romance that dude with greasy hair working the till.

Steve sighed.

Damn. He misses Billy.

Actually, even now, if Steve squints he could make out a familiar mop of hair, shining almost white against the screen. It's wild what wishful thinking can achieve.

He's probably moved on already. It's not like they're a thing. He's busy with someone else. Feeling on some tits or getting his stomach pumped. Or fucking his car.

God, that's embarrassing. Getting concerned over Hargrove. Yes, he was nice like once. That was strategic. Steve knows this. It's just to manipulate him and get him to bend easier than spaghetti. And Steve doesn't really need much priming in the first place.

Billy probably gets a kick out of this. Has a thing for whiny boys. You don't just become a bully if you don't enjoy making boys cry. Hargrove will squeeze him for every tear until Steve's ducts are raw and hurting.

A needy knot tucked right under Steve's ribcage whined: why are you ignoring me? It wished Steve saved the gum. Or had a photo. Or Billy's t-shirt. Just something to hold on to. As on queue corners of Steve's eyes felt tingly, a little moisture welling there.

He always gets like this.

Sentimental.

That's a turnoff. He attaches too easily. Clings too hard. 'A lost puppy' look about him.

Well, he is craving a bone right now. Steve's pants started to pinch. He might whip his dick out, just to spite these exhibitionists.

It was wrong to look. There wasn't much to be seen. PG-13 at best. Just some smooching and fumbling. It's the way they showed it off. Thought that they were being scandalous. He had a mad urge to wolf-whistle. Pop their little bubble of privacy.

Steve let the feeling sit in his gut, slowly balming his insides. Annoyed and horny. A little bit sad. A lot curious.

He closed his eyes, trapping the sharp light under his lashes. Letting it swirl and mix, forming a corridor of pinwheels. Round and round they went. He knows if he gets to the other side he'll go all floaty. Bare his neck for a bite. Crave the pain. With no one to provide it.

Steve knows that the ball is in his court. He should seek Hargrove out and do whatever he tells him to do. Make up for his stunt.

Say how sorry he is. Sorry for being a brat. Sorry for being a tease. Sorry for your shit manners. Sorry for your inability to say 'please'.

That would probably get him punched in the face. Or a hand roughly tugging at his hair.

What if they are over? And they haven't even started! He is being a pussy about it.

Steve can't handle rejection well in the best of times. He can't risk it now.

Fuck. What will he do? He's gotta... impress him or something.

Maybe a gift? Gifts always worked on girls. But Hargrove probably wouldn't appreciate Tiffany's diamond studs or a box of chocolates.

A blood sacrifice? He can be, like, a little metal about it. He'll draw the line at a tattoo. That's a bit overboard. He dodged a bullet when he opted out of getting N-A-N-C-Y on his knuckles.

That's the problem. He doesn't know him that well. Because they didn't really have a chance to talk. If Hargrove could hear him right now, he'd be probably laughing like a hyena. The teasing would never stop.

He'd be all like — oh, you want to talk about feelings. What's next? Friendship bracelets? Hair braiding? He'd spit right at his face. A fat glob aimed at his cheek. Maybe you've got a pussy then? The 'p' coming out wet, between the slick lips. Should I treat you like a girl — Hargrove would lean in closer, towering over, doing his typical bully posturing — or a bitch?

Steve was getting red just thinking about it. Whenever Billy speaks in that tone, his brain just goes to static. There must be some wires crossed. That's not okay.

He wants the attention and doesn't know what to do with it when he gets it. It's almost as if they are skirting something without a name yet. Uncharted territory. Deep waters.

Billy has really pretty eyes. Forever blues that suck you right in. So good he is drowning.

Steve lost the memory of sound land under his feet, swept away by their current. He welcomed the tide gulping down on the salty water, sinking under the cold sheet.

He couldn't leave just yet, pressed by the ton above him. It would be trying to fight with nature. His or Billy's. This is where he's supposed to be — gazing into the abyss. Longing for it to finally look back.

Whatever Steve does next, he has to start strong.

He doesn't have a gag reflex. That's cool, right? He found out a few days ago, getting too enthusiastic about cleaning his molars, accidentally swallowing the toothbrush, feeling it past his tonsils.

Steve stopped to access his reflection, tilting his head a bit and meeting his eyes. It's Hargrove's loss. He looked good.

He could get on his knees, stick his tongue out. Say *'Billy'* as a treat. Do what he did with the toothbrush.

Maybe that won't cover it anymore. He'd probably had to be a bit more proactive. Like...

Steve looked around for inspiration. Like, do butt stuff? Or that's skipping a few steps?

Hargrove's cock is way thicker than all of his fingers. Steve's body whined at the implication, feeling the phantom touch inside him. He'd be far more open than he is used to, gaping around nothing.

Small shivers ran under his skin. He wanted to finger himself again. Something to do in the evening. He left lotion and a hairbrush scattered on his bed. Not suspicious at all. Hopefully, his parents aren't back any time soon. They probably wouldn't want to know anyway.

The brush wasn't a nice option, just a place to start. It had no give to it, and the shape was all wrong. It just popped in and kind of set there. Fingers were fine. Steve didn't consider vegetables. Because he's clumsy and doesn't want to go to an ER with eggplant as a butt plug.

What's the real thing like? He is yet to have another cock anywhere near him. Or on him. Or in him.

Will he cry again? He cried during his first time and this is technically a second first time. He really doesn't know what he'd prefer: Hargrove being all mean or nice about it.

It was dark. He felt shameless, precome bubbling at the tip, soaking through his underwear. He liked thinking what Billy could do to him. When did he get so slutty?

Besides, this is all assuming. He doesn't quite know who's going to be doing who. He'd be down for whatever, mostly. And he hates choosing.

If he gets to fuck Billy... Steve felt a little drool escape his mouth. That be full circle. Some grand gesture of justice, true balance restored. That'll teach him to say please properly.

He itched to press his hand into his crotch, massaging the head. Steve

realized he closed his eyes again, the image vivid before him. Billy's strong back contouring as if made out of snakes. His moans true and loud punching the air. His bulk heavy and unyielding in Steve's arms. He'll make him come.

Steve hissed. He is close.

A shot fired. Steve jumped at the noise, jerking his hand away. The room colored red. The audience gasped, apparently as the big plot twist was happening. Some guy got a bullet to his chest.

The couple linked even closer, trying to pry each other's skin open and crawl in.

Alright, he's going home. Steve missed like half of the story and has no idea what's going on. His pants were uncomfortably sticky. He managed to knock down the bucket of popcorn all over himself.

He didn't leave, finishing what popcorn was left in his lap. The movie dragged on forever; making him roll his eyes, get a glimpse of what's to come. Anticipation made him heavy, lips swollen with butter and salt.

When the credits rolled around, Steve still hasn't decided what he'll do, when he finally gets to Hargrove. He's better at thinking on the spot anyway. He'll figure it out.

Soon.

But when?